Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better by brokenpromisesandhope

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For Jancy Week 2018: Jonathan meets a very helpful worker, Nancy at the sex store on the edge of town.

Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better

Author's Note:

> Hey friends,
> I've legit been writing this for three days and it counts for AU and smut cause it's so fucking long. This is the DIRTIEST thing I've ever written and I think I watched too much porn last night tbh. I hope you enjoy it. It's straight up porny porn PORN. Which is write up my alley. Please write some comments <3
> Or send me prompts or let me know how this is on tumblr: mickey-mousemilkovich
> xx
> T
> Ps I can always be persuaded to write more.

He's been thinking about it a lot. Like a lot, a lot. It's almost totally taken over his porn feed, and he'll watch hours of it, hours of guys opening their asses and working their prostates until they come all over themselves, untouched.

He's been single for awhile now, hasn't had sex in over a month. The last girl he'd been with, Maggie, was fun and all, but she wasn't really into anything besides missionary.

He'd been convinced something was wrong with him at first, ever since he'd discovered masturbation. He'd jerk 5-6 times a day until it was painful to wear his jeans. Then he'd discovered the magic that was K and Y jelly.

It wasn't enough though. Porn amped him up, and he found everything around him sexual. He had fantasies of all sorts, tying

girls down and eating them out until they begged him to stop, or some faceless girl teasing him with her hands and mouth and not letting him come until she said.

Then they'd changed. He'd went from watching girls being fingered open, to guys. He was straight, he knew that much. But there was something about watching a buff guy, get opened up by thin, French manicured fingers that made his own ass clench. Especially when the girl would find their prostate and they would come all over themselves as she played with it.

He'd been embarrassed at first, especially when his porn watching escapades (he would watch porn for hours if he could, staying up all night until he was drained of cum, and decidedly less stressed, even if the bags under his eyes were more prominent), turned from straight porn to gay porn. It wasn't that he was super into guys, but he was super into anal play. He didn't even know how to find guys attractive, or if he wanted to be fucked by another person, to give himself over that way, or find someone, though it wasn't as bad to be gay, it wasn't exactly celebrated where he was from. But he knew he wanted to play with his ass.

So he does research. He looks up dildos, and good brands of lube, not any cheap shit you can get at Walmart either. He looks up vibrators, and slender dildos, custom dildos, cock rings and handcuffs. It becomes part of his routine, looking up different dildos and jerking himself raw, letting his wet finger trace around the pucker of his ass if he feels daring.

He thinks about girls pegging him. Hooking handcuffs around his wrist as she does whatever she wants to him, massaging his nipples and sucking him off until the point of almost coming, before placing a cock ring on and doing it again, until he's begging for release. Then

she'd just smile and finger him open, before fucking him open on the dildo she chose. See if he could come untouched. And once he was rung out and thoroughly fucked, she'd sit on his face until he made her gush all over.

The fantasies remind him of how desperate he really is, and how much jerking his cock isn't enough anymore. He's too scared to order something, even if it comes to his house in a discreet package. He's twenty two years old, and as soon as he graduates, he's moving out, but that doesn't exactly help him right now, especially since it's taking him longer and longer to get off.

He hears about it at work, it's slow one night and his coworkers are talking about the sex shop that opened on the edge of town. Apparently it's just far enough away that you shouldn't run into anyone unless they were really determined and horny, just like you were. He files the information away for later, and as soon as he gets home, even though it's after two am, he looks it up.

It's almost a half hour away, but it will be so so worth it, if he finds everything he needs. He can get a vibrator and a cock ring, and see how long he lasts. He can get some actually decent lube, and open himself up and massage his prostate until he shoots dry. He's so excited that he yanks his pants down and jerks himself off at his desk, biting his lip, desperate to keep quiet as he imagines playing with his nipples as he fingers open his ass. He comes quickly at the thought of someone else watching him, stroking his thigh and calling him a good boy. As he comes down, he grabs a fistful of tissues off his desk and half heartedly wipes himself off, he'll go on his next day off.

His next day off turns out to be Monday, and he decides his best bet is to go during the day, while most people are still at work. Or so he hopes. He's in his car by eleven am, heart nearly beating out of his

chest with excitement. His mom's working a double, and Will's got baseball practice after school, so he has all afternoon to have fun with his new toys.

The ride is easy, and the shop sits right off an exit, across from a gas station, the only other thing visible from the freeway. There's only one car in the parking lot, which he takes as a good sign, and he cuts the engine, heading into the store, before he can change his mind.

It's overwhelming. There's walls and walls of shit, he can see toys, movies, lingerie, and that's just from the front entrance. He hesitates slightly, not seeing anyone else in the store, not even a worker, and decides to just start looking at everything. He did not think it would be this overwhelming.

He finds himself staring at the assortment of cock rings, looking at all the colors, and sizes, and vibrating and not, when he hears a soft voice,

"You doing okay?"

He jumps and spins around, "Holy shit, you scared me!"

There's a girl standing in front of him, a huge box propped on her hip. She's got short curly brown hair, and big made up blue eyes. She's smirking at him, pink lips curved up, and she's thin, her tan skin standing out against her white sundress,

“Sorry, I was in the back grabbing some new stuff, can I help you find anything specific?” She asks, amused.

She’s gorgeous and he feels his face immediately heat up as he tries to back away from the vibrating cock rings he’d been focused on,

“Um, no, I was just looking you know,” he chokes out.

She raises an eyebrow, but shrugs, “Okay, well let me know if you need anything. We’ve got a buy one get one half off sale on select dildos, handcuffs and dvds, and our clearance section is in that back corner,” She points over her shoulder and he nods. Absolutely does not watch her ass as she walks away.

He never thought he’d be embarrassed about what he’s thinking of buying, but now he feels awkward. Not that he should feel embarrassed, he’s sure she sees so many people, she doesn’t even keep track of what people are buying. Or maybe she does. He disappointedly turns away from the cock rings and keep moving down the rows. There’s fleshlights, and sex dolls, and handcuffs and rope. He hesitates at the dildos, but decides to stop and look, he could always pretend it was for someone else. He groans to himself. Why did anal for guys have to be so secretive? Isn’t that why his prostate was there? To be played with?

He fingers a slender one that’s bright pink. He pulls it off the rack and looks at the back, reading the package. It’s thinner than two of his fingers, but longer, and he thinks it could be nice, and he could work up to something thicker. He’d also debated trying anal plugs, but most times when he was jerking off, he felt his gut clenching and he just wanted deeper and deeper. He scans the shelves and finds another that could be good, it’s a bit thicker, with ridges up the

whole thing, his stomach tightens at the thought of it stretching him out, the ridges scraping against his walls, he feels his face flush deeper and bites his lip,

“Still doing okay?”

Jonathan jumps again, embarrassingly, and the girl hides a laugh,

“Sorry, sorry, not my fault you’re in your own little world. Are we having some trouble deciding?” She asks curiously, leaning over to check out the dildos in his hands. She smells like vanilla and he looks up, praying for strength to not embarrass himself.

“I, um,”

She smiles kindly, it’s a nice smile, “Sorry, I’d offer to buy you dinner first, but I don’t get off until eight,” she says with a wink, “so tell me what you’re looking for and maybe I can help.”

“You’ve tried these before?” He asks, if not a bit shocked. He didn’t know any girls with sex toys. At least none he’d ever been with. He didn’t even know if girls masturbated that much. (He doesn’t know why they wouldn’t, he just didn’t know).

She lets out a loud laugh, and his eyes widen,

“I have a trunk full of sex toys,” she grabs the dildos out of his hands, “um, I have this one,” she says waving the thicker one, “except it’s

sparkly. What does she like?" She asks, looking up at him from under her lashes.

He hesitates, mind still stuck on the fact she fucks herself on a sparkly dildo, "Um, I'm not sure, I just thought I'd get her some different stuff," he says, not bothering to correct her.

She taps her chin, "Well, if you've had penetrative sex, I'm assuming you're bigger than this," she waves the thinner dildo this time, "that's more for beginners, but also it's not that much, if that makes sense. This is a pretty good one, without being abnormally thick, though that's good too," she says with a wink, "also there's," she bends down to survey the bottom row and he pointedly looks up.

When she stands back up, she clears her throat and laughs as he looks down at her. She's quite short, and she's got a tiny silver chain that disappears into the slight cleavage showing. He wonders what's on the end of it. She's holding up a realistic dildo, it's tye-dye blue, pink and purple, and holds it out to him,

"This is fucking amazing, hits in all the right places if you know what I mean. But again, it all depends on what she likes," she looks Jonathan up and down, "or he," she says off handedly.

Before he can choke out a response to that, she's turning around, and heading across the store,

"Come on, let me show you the vibrators," she calls over her shoulder.

"Okay, these are my absolute favorite so bare with me," she says, with a wicked look in her eye.

She talks about it so casually and openly, Jonathan loves it. He wants to be able to. She picks up a short pink and white vibrator and holds it up for him,

“This is pretty good. It’s cheap, portable and has six different settings. Also it takes double A batteries, which typically everyone has in their house. I cannot tell you how frustrating it is to be this close to an orgasm and it fucking dies,” she rolls her eyes and Jonathan actually laughs at how upset she sounds, and looks, as if she’s remembering it vividly right now.

“Hey,” she shoves at him, “It’s not funny, I wanted to cry. So this is also good for g-spot stimulation, and it’s small, so it’s different than a dildo obviously, but that little curve is good. Like really good,” she adds, glancing up at him, “or we have this,” she gestures to the Rabbit, which he’s seen a billion times before, “Or if she needs something thicker, this is good. Or, my personal favorite,” she adds the rabbit to the pile in her arms, and he definitely thinks he would empty his bank account to buy everything, just because he definitely is extremely turned by everything she says.

She holds up a bodywand, it’s one of the smaller ones and it’s pink with silver rhinestones on the handle,

“This is amazing. This is, like, gush all over your sheets and cry,” she says, voice husky, “so if you love her, even a little bit, get this one.”

His eyes go dark as he pictures her, holding the vibrator between her legs until she starts shaking,

“Um, is that good for, insertion too?” He asks quietly.

Her mouth drops open a fraction, and she licks her lower lip,

“Um, yeah, it’s, it’s thick, but if you’re wet enough it’ll slide right in,” she murmurs.

Jonathan actually has to close his eyes and groan at that, and he feels a small hand on his arm, when the front door chimes. His eyes fly open and she drops the assortment of toys on the floor as she jumps in shock. He crouches down to grab them, and she crouches down with him,

“Sorry, sorry,” she says, cheeks red, “I, I’ll be back to help you, let me just go greet them,” she rushes away and Jonathan hesitates, trying to will his dick to calm the fuck down. He gathers the hoard of toys, and stands back up, just as she comes back. She’s smiling, but her eyes aren’t as heavy lidded, and her cheeks aren’t as pink, “Um, just let me know if you need anymore help, I’ll be,” she jerks her thumb over her shoulder, but before she can even move away, he’s blurting,

“Lube?”

She nods, “Yeah, sure, come on,” she turns and he follows her to shelves of lube. She gives a sweeping gesture, but otherwise gives no other indication of preference.

“What, um,?” He starts, now feeling awkward that she’s not openly offering her sexual experience with the products.

She scans the shelf, brushing past him, to grab a small bottle,

“I really don’t need lube unless I’m doing anal,” Jonathan literally chokes, this is the girl of his dreams, and a smirk appears on her face, “but this is good. If it stays slick enough for that, it’s good for everything.”

He collects the bottle from her and nods. He stands there for a minute, hands full, staring at her. She stares back, pupils slightly dilated, but before either of them can say anything, there’s a bell dinging, and she glances back at the customer, where the other customer in the store, an older man, is standing, ready to check out. She gives him an apologetic smile and rushes over, and Jonathan tries to catch his breath, again.

It’s too late to go back for the cock rings, or handcuffs, and he’s about to be broke anyway, so he heads over to the counter as well. There’s little packets of lube, condoms and erection pills. She bids farewell to the customer in front of him, and smiles when he dumps his pile of stuff on the counter,

“You’re done already?” She asks, if he didn’t know better, he’d think she sounded disappointed.

“Um hell yes, I’m going to be so poor after this.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, you’re not getting all of these! Just pick a couple,” she says, rolling her eyes, “Jesus, no one should get this much on their first go.”

“Not even if I have the sex toy expert here helping me?” He asks boldly.

She glances down, smile playing on her lips, “Come back anytime and I’ll help you anytime. Now let’s start you a rewards card, I’m sure that you will be a repeat customer. Name?”

“Jonathan,” he replies.

“I’m Nancy, nice to meet you.”

“Nancy,” he repeats, letting her name roll off of his tongue.

She nods and asks for more of his information, entering it in the computer, before handing him a matte black card,

“Here’s that, after you spend $100, you get a ten dollar gift card, so keep a look out for the code in your email. What are we thinking about going with today?” She asks, grabbing a paper bag from under the counter and setting it on the counter.

He stares at all the toys, he selects the lube, the thin dildo she’d said that she’d had herself, the small vibrator that would probably work for him, and finally the body wand. He doesn’t know why he chooses it, first it’s girly as hell and there’s no way he’d be able to stick it inside himself, but something about the way her eyes had almost crossed and her voice had gotten all breathy while talking about it, that makes him buy it. He also grabs a fist full of condoms and sets it on the counter.

She rings everything up, tells him his total and her fingers brush his as he hands her his card. She packages everything in the bag and hands him back his card and receipt,

“You have fun Jonathan,” she says with a wink.

“Thank you so much. I’m sure I will,” he says, voice husky.

He drives back home over the speed limit with a raging erection and thankfully doesn’t get pulled over. He all but runs out of his car, and into his bedroom, locking his door, and yanking off his pants and boxers. He collapses on the edge of his bed and rips open the lube, coating his hand and stroking over his leaking dick. The lube is so slick, and he grips his cock hard, fucking into it, stomach clenching. He thinks about Nancy riding his face, sucking her clit until she begs for him to fuck her. Fucking her from behind, his hand wrapped in her short hair, as she clenches and comes inside her. Or his favorite, her teasing him with the vibrator, running it over the red of his cock or pressing it at the base while her thin fingers open him up. His orgasm hits him fast and he doubles over as his come splashes up his chest.

He falls back against the bed, trying to catch his breath as he yanks off his shirt and kicks off his shoes and pants. He props himself up against some pillows and takes a deep breath, reslicking his fingers, and bending his knee so he can rub circles around his asshole. He can’t get hard again yet, but he lets his other hand rub over his nipple and work it into a stiff little peak. He thinks about getting his nipples pierced for like the sixth time, and his cock twitches. He slowly pushed his middle finger inside of himself and his stomach clenches. It feels simultaneously amazing and not enough. He pushes another one in right away, and inhales sharply at the burn.

He stretches himself, and by the time he's considering adding a third finger, he reaches blindly for the bag and finds his dildo. He half heartedly wipes his slick hand against his thigh so he can rip the packaging open, fit a condom on it and lube it up. His cock is fully hard again, begging for attention, but he braces himself against the bed, and starts working it in. He moans loudly as the head pops in, and then he can't stop. He pushes it in a bit too fast, gut twisting with the stretch, and he holds it still as he fists his cock a few times, adjusting. Nancy was right, he needs it deep as he can get it, and he lifts his hips, the dildo rocking slightly inside of him.

He has no rhythm and the angle is shitty and his wrist starts cramping after about thirty seconds and he can't decide between rocking back on the dildo or up into his fist. It's messy and it feels so good, he can't stop clenching around the dildo, can't pull it out that far because he feels so fucking empty. He shoves it in hard, and the head brushes against his prostate and that's it. His entire body seizes and his back arches as he lets out a loud, "fuck" and comes so hard his vision blacks out.

It takes much longer for him to come down this time, and when he can finally see again, he works the dildo out of himself slowly, body sore in the best way. He disposes of the condom and brings the dildo with him to the bathroom so he can wash it after his shower. Best purchase ever.

Jonathan doesn't go back for a week. That's the longest he can make himself wait. The dildo is just a bit too thin now, and he wants a vibrating cock ring, because he doesn't have enough hands to stimulate himself the way he wants to. He also can't stop thinking about Nancy. There's no guarantee she'll be there, and he should just go to a bar and pick up a girl, but he doesn't just want that. He wants her. He wants her to watch him fuck himself on the dildo she'd

picked out for him. He wants to hold the body wand vibrator on her clit until there are tears in her eyes. He's fucked up.

He's fully expecting Nancy to not be there. It's a Wednesday afternoon. Still before most 9-5's got off so he hopes it's going to be slow. He opens the door and the bell chimes, and she looks up. Nancy's sitting on the counter, hair in a messy ponytail on top of her head, some curls falling around her face, wearing bright red lipstick, a tight red tank top, jean shorts and black converse. Her tan thighs are crossed, and she's still got that damn chain on.

She's playing with a vibrator, he can see it moving and lighting up from over here, and she puts it down when she sees him, sliding off the counter.

"Hey Jonathan," she says, walking over.

He smiles at the fact that he was memorable,

"Hey Nancy."

"Told you you'd be a repeat customer, didn't I?" She asks, smiling.

"Yeah you did. I couldn't stay away."

"I'd like to think I had a little something to do with that."

“You did.” He says, staring at her.

Her eyes widen slightly as he licks his lips. She crosses her arms over her chest, he looks down at her cleavage and then forces his eyes back up.

“So what brings you back today?”

“I need a few things. Some handcuffs and a cock ring.”

She raises an eyebrow, “Kinky.”

He shrugs, “ I try.”

She laughs, and starts leading the way, “So a cock ring? Came too fast for her?” she asks teasingly, reaching for a pack of cock rings.

“Actually I want a vibrating one so I don’t come the second I work that dildo into my ass,” he says quickly, ripping the bandaid off. He wants her to know he is single and ready to mingle. Preferably between her thighs. Or with her between his if she’s down for that.

She drops the pack of cock rings on the floor and spins around, pupils blown,

“Jonathan,” She says breathily, and he wants to hear her sounding like that again, “that’s, fuck. You should have told me, I could have

gotten you something different, for anal play specifically, like those can be used anally, but," she trails off, bending down to scoop up the cock rings and place them back on the shelf.

"You could help me pick out something now. It, it was good, but not thick enough, you know?"

She literally groans, eyes fluttering shut, "Yeah, we can," she quickly grabs a vibrating cock ring and turns back towards the dildos.

He follows after her, staring at her muscular legs. How can calves be sexy? She pauses at the wall and glances over at him, eyes still wide,

"What do you-?" She starts, eyes locked on his.

"What do you use?" He asks boldly, staring down at her, raising an eyebrow, daring her to say something.

"Fuck," she cusses again, and her thighs shift as she adjusts her stance, "Here," she grabs one of the more realistic looking dildos, but it's abnormally thick. His mouth nearly waters. He immediately want to see her wet pussy stretched around it.

"You use this?" He asks, throat suddenly dry.

It's her turn to smirk and she nods, "Yeah, it fills me up really good. Always makes me come so hard," She says in that breathy voice.

“Shit,” He says, shuddering, “okay I want it.”

She smiles, and holds it in her hands next to the cock ring, before continuing on,

“How’s the vibrator? Have you tried it inside of you?” she asks casually.

Jonathan about chokes, “Um, no, not yet. You remember what I bought?”

She blushes and he smirks, crossing his arms over his chest, “Shut up. You know, one thing I actually haven’t tried, is handcuffs,” she says, picking up a pair and showing them to him.

“Really?” he asks, a bit shocked. They’re one of the more vanilla things, he’d thought.

“Don’t sound so shocked!”

“No, I didn’t mean like you seem like you have a lot of wild sex,”

“I do have a lot of wild sex,” She laughs, “So, for you or someone else?” She asks, twirling the cuffs around her finger.

“It depends. I’m really into the idea of cuffing a girl to the bed and teasing her until she’s begging me to come. But I’d also like the same thing for me, I wanna see if I can come untouched.”

She lets out a full body shudder, “That’s so hot, have you tried?”

He shakes his head, “No, I, I always give in and touch myself,” he mumbles.

She steps closer to him, tilting her head to the side, “Aww, you can’t keep your hands off your pretty little cock?”

“It’s not little,” he says immediately, and she smirks, looking down at the growing bulge in his jeans,

“I know. That’s the same thing with me though, it’s more intense if you make yourself wait, but I can’t, I just come over and over until I can’t anymore.”

“You, until you can’t?” he rasps.

She bites her bottom lip, “Yeah, once I start crying it’s time to stop.”

Jonathan can’t help but wrap a hand around her waist and pull her closer to him,

“You’re greedy.”

She looks up at him under her lashes, and rests her hand on his low stomach, inches above his harding cock,

“I am. But don’t you wanna know how it feels? To literally not be able to come anymore? To come dry?”

He shudders and digs his nails into her skin, but before he can respond, the door is dinging as someone walks in. They jump apart, Nancy bangs into the shelf behind her. Her entire face turns red and she shoves his toys in his arms, before walking off to greet the customer.

It’s a few minutes before she comes back, and he feels like an idiot for just waiting there for her, even if he had been busy trying to will his erection away. When she comes back her cheeks are still flushed and she avoids eye contact,

“Are you ready to check out?”

“Yeah, um, sure.”

He follows her to the counter and she rings him up,

“Do you have your rewards card on you?”

“Yeah, um, hey I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable back there. I didn’t-” he starts as he hands her his card. Maybe he’d interpreted everything wrong.

“Oh my god, no. No,” she says quickly, “It’s just that one of my employees walked in, and I realized that I was about ready to fuck in the middle of the store and that’s not appropriate, you did nothing wrong.”

“Your employee?” He asks, surprised.

She laughs,

“Yeah, I own this store.”

“What?!”

She nods, “Yeah, couldn’t you tell?”

“Hell no. You look about twenty years old.”

She flips him off, “Shut up and give me your phone number Jonathan.”

He gladly does and she wraps up his stuff and he hands her his credit

card, and then his phone. She enters his number, and hands it back to him, leaning against the counter, giving him a delicious look down her shirt,

“So I get off at seven if you want to do something.”

“Like fuck?”

She bites her bottom lip, “Like fuck.”

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Turns out Nancy lives about half way between the store and his house, and she texts him to come over whenever. He’s showered and freshly shaved, dressing in a tight pair of dark jeans and a plain white t-shirt and heads to her place.

She lives in one of the newer upscale apartment buildings, and she buzzes him in. She looks amazing, in a silky black corset top negligee. She smirks at him from the doorway, and he immediately cradles her face in his hands and kisses the hell out of her. She kisses back eagerly, pressing her body tight against him and running her hands through his hair.

She breaks away first, panting,

“Bedroom, now.”

She leads him into her room, and sits in the middle of her bed, spread out leisurely. The dress is creeping up her thighs and she looks so soft and so sexy.

“What do you want?” He asks, tossing the bag from the store on the bed, pulling his shirt over his chest.

How is he so turned on from just one kiss?

She smirks and spreads her legs wider, before sitting up herself and pulling the dress over her head. Her body is amazing. She’s thin, with small, perky breasts. Her nipples are pierced and the chain she always wears ends at the end of her sternum, adorned with a tiny silver star. Her navel is pierced as well and she’s shaved bare.

“I want you to handcuff me to the bed, and tease me. Then I want you to fuck me. And then I’ll do you,” She says flicking her hair over her shoulder.

She’s so confident, and he kicks off his shoes and pants, leaving himself in his boxer briefs and then he crawls up the bed to kiss her again. She kisses back eagerly, hands wrapping around his neck. He pushes them away, breaking the kiss briefly,

“You’ve gotta be a good girl and not touch, you understand?”

She bites her lip and nods slowly, blue eyes wide. He reaches for the bag and pulls out the handcuffs, unlocking them, before kissing her again. She stays more still with her body this time, though she’s still squirming every time their chests brush together. He gently takes one

of her arms and lifts it over her head to attach it to her bed frame. She pulls away to scoot her body down, to angle her arm properly and he rewards her with a kiss,

“Good girl,” he rasps, grabbing the other arm and hooking it as well.

She looks so fucking good, red lipstick smeared, pupils already blown, staring up at him.

“Just, let me know if you need me to unhook you.”

She nods,

“I will, now are you going to do something?” she demands, arching her back to push her pretty pierced nipples up at him.

“Not if you’re greedy. Maybe I should just make you sit here and watch. You said you had a trunk of toys didn’t you. Maybe I should just leave you here and watch as I fuck myself.”

He feels her thighs flex under him as she tries to rub them together and she whimpers,

“I’ll be a good girl, just touch me,” she whispers.

“You promise?” He asks, trailing his fingers down her collarbone.

She nods eagerly,

“I promise.”

He kisses her again, shoving his tongue into her mouth as he rolls her nipple between his fingers. She moans into his mouth and he swallows it, flicking the little nub over and over. She whimpers into his mouth and then pulls away when he moves to the other one,

“Please, more,”

“So demanding,” he says, kissing down her sternum. He looks up at her, under the flop of his hair as he takes her nipple into his mouth, rolling the bar across his tongue. She squeals as he pinches the other at the same time and writhes, bucking against the cuffs already.

“Please, fuck I wanna come,” she says desperately.

He clicks his tongue,

“Already? I haven’t even done anything yet.”

She lets out a breathless laugh,

“Oh fuck you.”

“Is that what you should say to someone who has you at their complete mercy?” He asks, sliding down on the bed, so he’s kneeling between her spread legs.

She looks up at him,

“Please make me come. You know you wanna see it. I can come again. You know I can. Please Jonathan, you’re so fucking hot, I wanna come before you fuck me, I’m so wet, wet for you, please,” she squirms.

“Fuck,” he groans, palming himself through his boxers, “where’s your toys?”

She smiles,

“Under the bed, please,”

He moves to grab the trunk under the bed. It literally is filled with what must be a thousand dollars worth of sex toys, and he searches for a vibrator. He finds the body wand that he has the matching one to, but he settles for the full size one. Nancy nods eagerly as she sees the toy and he sets it on the side of the bed for a moment, leaning down to kiss her.

She kisses back eagerly, neck straining to meet him, and his hand

slides down to settle between her legs. She's dripping wet and her thighs are sticky, and he runs his fingers up her lips, and she bucks her hips at him. He sinks two of his fingers inside her and they moan at the same time. She's wet and tight and he sucks on her tongue as he slides his fingers out of her, and up to rub at her clit.

She breaks away, falling against the bed, and his fingers rub gently over her clit,

"Yes, right there," she bucks her hips, forcing him to touch her harder.

He moves his hand and she bucks her hips frustrated,

"You're being greedy baby," she glares at him and sucks his fingers into his mouth, tasting her.

She stares at him, and he moves to grab the vibrator. Her body arches up, and he kisses her,

"Relax, I've got you."

"I wanna come," she begs, as he flicks her nipples.

He smirks, and turns the vibrator on the lowest setting and runs it up her soaking pussy,

“Mm, shit,” she cries, as he settles it on her.

“Does that feel good?”

She nods quickly, “Yes, yes, shit. More?” she asks sweetly, looking up at him.

“What do you want baby?”

“Kiss me,” she asks softly, as if he could deny her.

He leans down to kiss her, she shoves her tongue eagerly into his mouth and arches as far as she can, so she’s pressed against him. He moves the arm he’s resting on and the adjustment sends the vibrator sliding up to her clit. She shouts against his lips and he moves to pull back,

“Too much?”

“NO! More. More. Please, please,” she begs, desperately.

He can feel himself leaking into his boxers, and he realizes he maybe should have put the cock ring on himself, because he feels dangerously close to coming himself. But he can’t stop now. Her bangs are sticking to her forehead and there’s a beautiful flush going down her neck. He presses down a little harder on her clit and she squeals. He can’t even move, just stares down at her as she writhes

on the bed, hips thrusting,

“Does it feel good?”

“Yes, fuck, my pussy, it feels so good, touch me?” She pleads.

He slides his other hand up to play with her nipples and kisses her neck, leaving a hickey because he feels fifteen again. He’s contemplating leaving another one when her breath hitches and she starts panting, eyes squeezing shut.

“Shit, shit, shit,” she huffs out between breaths.

She must be close, he figures, and pushes the vibrator up to the next setting. She lets out a scream and her eyes fly open, wide and desperate,

“I’m so close, can I come? Can I please come?” She begs.

His brain short circuits, he didn’t think she’d ask, or wait, like it looks like she’s doing, her back is arched and she’s panting, “Please, please let me come,” she begs before he even has time to process, “please!” she says a bit more desperately now, like she’s waiting for permission.

He’s so fucking hard,

“Come for me,”

Her thighs start shaking and she screams, eyes closing as she shakes, slick leaking out of her as she comes all over the vibrator. She looks fucking beautiful, neck veins straining as she shudders. She collapses against the bed, chest heaving, and he removes the vibrator, shutting it off, and setting it to the side. He rubs his dick through his boxers briefly, before leaning in to kiss her.

When he pulls back, her eyes are open, and suspiciously wet, and she rasps out,

“Thank you.”

His dick jumps and his eyes flutter shut,

“Shit, so polite. Good girl,” he murmurs, running a hand up her side.

She stretches to kiss him, and she looks so pretty and fucked out that he has to lean down and lets her,

“Let me get you off,” she says against his lips.

He pulls back,

“Not yet, I wanna fuck you. After I make you come again.”

She pouts,

“I can make you come again, please? It’ll feel good.”

“No, I’m in charge, and I wanna get you off again. I wanna press this right up against your g-spot and watch your eyes roll back in your head as you scream my name. Sound good? You can be in charge next time,” he says slowly, watching her eyes darken.

“I, I get to be in charge next time?” She asks softly.

“If that’s what you want, that’s what I want too. Now how are your hands doing?”

“They’re fine,” she says immediately.

“Move your fingers for me,” he says, looking at both hands.

She does, and even though the only one she moves on the left is her middle, he still kisses her nose,

“Good girl. Are you ready?”

“I’m ready for you to fuck me,” she complains.

He pinches her nipple and she hisses,

“I thought you said you liked it when you came so many times you cried? I wanna make you cry, is that okay Nancy?”

She shivers and nods and he smiles,

“Good girl,” he licks his fingers, even though he knows she doesn’t need it, and plays with her slit, before pushing two fingers inside of her.

She moans, and he scissors them, working on stretching her out a bit,

“I just hope you know payback’s a bitch,” she says, as he slides a third finger in.

“I’m not even teasing you! I’m just making you savor it,”

She rolls her eyes and he leans in to bite at her thigh,

“Behave,” he teases, sliding his fingers out and grabbing the vibrator again. The head of it isn’t abnormally big, but he looks up at her, “You want lube?”

She strains to look up at him, but shakes her head, licking her lips,

“No, I’m ready.”

He runs the vibrator up and down her slit, and spreads the slick around it. He spreads her lips with one hand, and slowly pushes it in with the other. She moans loudly, as he slowly works the head of the vibrator inside her. She’s so wet and open that it slides in, her pussy eating it up, until just the wand part is outside of her. He watches her clench down on it and she shudders as his fingers trace around her hole,

“Does it feel good?”

She nods quickly,

“A lot,” she says breathlessly.

“You okay?”

She squirms,

“Yes, come on you smug bastard.”

“You’re gonna regret that,” he teases.

She stares at him, eyes narrowed,

“Make me.”

He flicks the vibrator on and she moans, hips bucking immediately. He only gives her a few seconds to adjust before he’s turning up the speed again. Her hips buck and he stares up at her. She’s gorgeous, fingers clenching in the air, chest heaving, biting her lip, trying to keep quiet.

“Oh you think you’re gonna be quiet now, huh?” He rubs her clit and her mouth drops open as she moans silently.

He rotates the vibrator, searching, and she screams, body flying up as far as it can go with the cuffs,

“Holy fuck! Right there, Jonathan, my, my, fuck,” she bucks her hips and he presses down on them, so he can hold her still,

“Feels good, huh?”

“More, please? You’re right on my g-spot, I’m gonna fucking come. Please? Please?”

She's such a pretty beggar, and he flicks up the speed again, focusing on trying to hold her still so he can press right on,

"Fuck!" She cries wetly, and there are tears in her lashes, but they haven't spilled over yet.

"Does it feel good? I can see your little pussy clenching around it, you gonna clench around my dick like that? I can see you want it so bad, come for me baby. Come for me so I can fuck you," He rasps.

It only takes a few more seconds and her eyes roll back in her head as she seizes a few inches off the bed, he's staring at her face when he feels wetness on his hand, and he looks to see her pussy clenching and squirting around the vibrator,

"Holy shit," he rasps as she shakes and screams his name so loud, he's worried about somebody complaining.

It takes her longer to come down this time, but finally she collapses back on the bed, eyes wet and mascara tracks under her eyes,

"Can you shut it off?" She asks softly.

He flicks it off immediately, and goes to gently work it out of her. Her pussy is gaping slightly and it's blood red and dripping, he caresses it softly and she shudders.

“Holy shit, that was so fucking hot, you’re amazing. You’re so hot,” he says, leaning up to kiss her fiercely. He presses his body down into her, rubbing his cock against her stomach. He feels so good, he could come any second, and she pulls away,

“Stop, you’re gonna come,” she says, looking up at his shaking biceps, “You’re close, I can tell.”

He ruts against her again,

“Not my fault you’re so fucking sexy,” He rasps into her neck.

“You said you’d fuck me,” she whines, as if she hasn’t just come twice.

“Baby, look at your pussy, it’s really red. I think I broke it,” he teases, lapping at her collarbone.

“You didn’t, please,” she begs, “you said you’d fuck me.”

“I’m gonna last,” he admits, pushing a curl back from her face, “I’d rather just come on you, in two seconds.”

“Jonathan,” she whines, “just one more. I won’t hold it against you if it’s fast. Just stick the wand on my clit and I’ll be done too. Please.”

He pulls back,

“As if I could deny you. Where’s your condoms?” He asks, running a hand through his hair. She stares up at him, “What?” He asks.

“Kiss me?” She asks sheepishly.

He smiles and leans down to kiss her softly. They make out for a few minutes, until he pulls away,

“You’re not really helping the ‘coming embarrassingly fast’ situation babe.”

She smiles,

“Condoms are in the nightstand.”

He leans over her to grab one and she bites at his nipple,

“You’re a minx.”

She laughs and he kicks down his boxers, rolling the condom on, and positioning himself at her entrance,

“Are you ready?” He’s not sure who he’s asking and she nods.

He slides in slowly and the both moan as he bottoms out,

“Oh fuck, Nancy this is gonna be over in three minutes,” he groans, “You’re so fucking tight. I am so sorry,” he rasps, dropping his head against her collarbone.

“It’s okay, you feel so good, let go,” she murmurs.

“I can’t, it’ll really be done. Holy shit, give me a minute,” he pants, mind swirling. He doesn’t think he’d even felt this close when he lost his actual virginity and he feels horrible.

He pulls out of her slowly, to fuck back in, punching a groan out of himself. Suddenly he can’t go slow, and he murmurs an apology to her, before he starts fucking her hard. He spits on his fingers and rubs her clit, probably too fast to build it up for her like he wants to, but he at least wants her to come again too. He manages about six thrusts, before his hips are stuttering and he’s apologizing and pinching her clit. That does it for her, because her back arches and he can feel the cool metal barbells of her piercings against his chest, and her pussy clenches around him, so tight he feels like he can’t breathe and he’s so far gone.

It takes forever for him to come back, and he realizes he’s literally collapsed on top of her, and god she’s so tiny. He gets himself back up on his forearms and apologizes and she shakes her head,

“Stop saying you’re sorry, god, come here and give me a kiss,”

He kisses her softly and she breaks away, “That was amazing. Five seconds, but amazing.”

He flips her off and she laughs as he pulls out slowly, taking off the condom and tying it, tossing it off the edge of the bed,

“Shut up,”

“I told you to let me get you off before, it would have lasted longer,” she says matter of factly.

He frowns and she tries to sit up, but fails, because she’s still handcuffed,

“Hey, no, it was good. I promise. I love your cock. Besides, these just means we’ll have more time to practice next time.”

“There’s gonna be a next time?” He asks, a bit shocked. He’d mentioned it earlier, but he didn’t think that she’d really meant it.

She rolls her eyes,

“Of course. You think I’m giving up my turn at being in charge?”

“No, I guess not.”

She laughs,

“You should be scared. Anyway, uncuff me, my arms hurt.”

He hums as if hesitating,

“I don’t know, I kind of like you at my mercy.”

“Come on, I’m hungry. And we need to shower. I’m sticky.”

“I could always clean you up,” he offers, licking up her neck as he uncuffs her hands.

He massages them gently and releases her hands and she sits up,

“No, you’re not going near my pussy for like, two more hours. At least.”

“I’ll be waiting,” he says with a laugh, “now what was that about a shower?”

She moves behind him and locks her legs around his waist,

“The bathroom is that way, carry me.”

“Excuse me?”

“Come on, I just had three orgasms. I’m tired.”

“I just gave you three orgasms. I’m tired.”

“I’ll blow you if you do,” she whispers in his ear before biting his earlobe.

He stands up and she laughs, wrapping her arms around his neck as he piggy backs her to the shower,

“You are trouble.”

“You have no idea.”